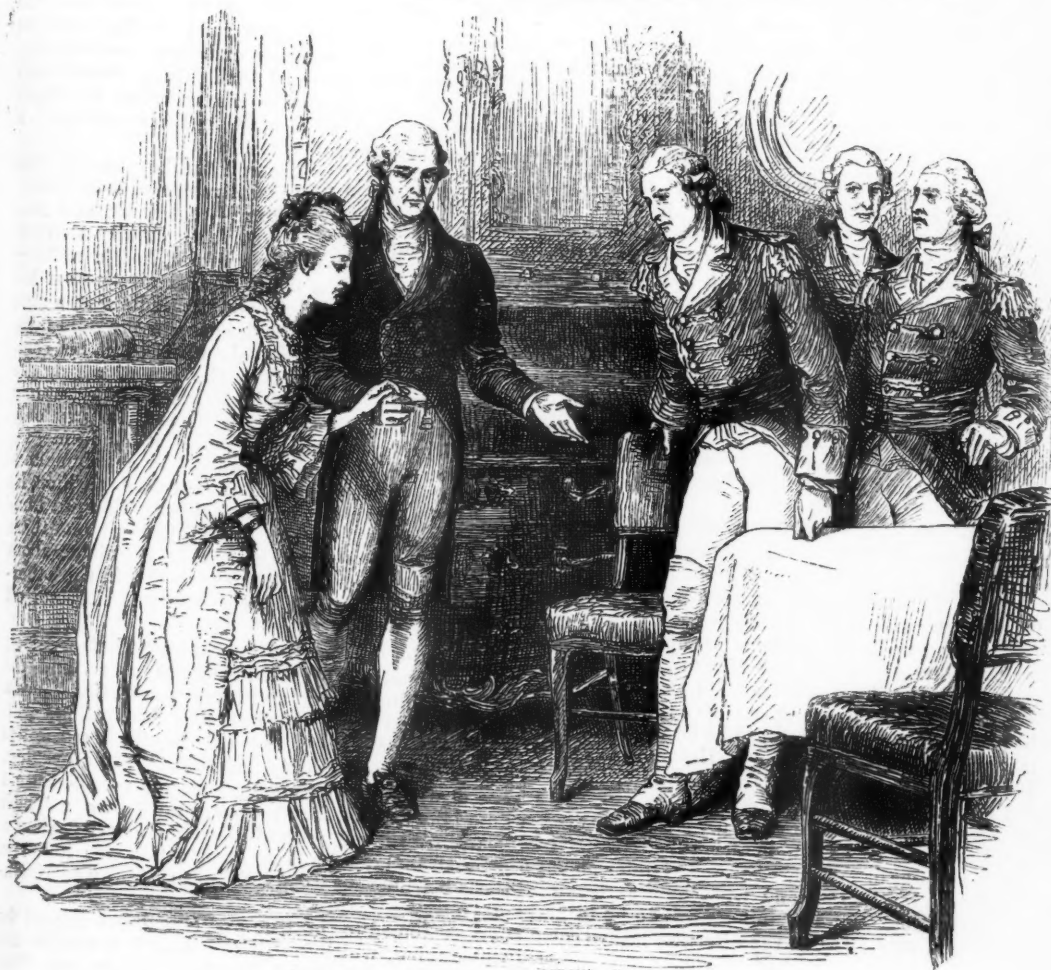


# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



THE KING'S OFFICERS ENTERTAINED BY MR. DELAMERE.

1776.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

CHAPTER V.—THE STRANGER FROM ENGLAND.

AS Dargan went singing down the wooded hill-side by one path, the squire's daughter made her homeward way by another, less rough and steep, and leading by a more circuitous route to the Elms. She had no companion but her page, Philip, a bright-eyed negro boy of about thirteen, well grown for his

years, and handsome for one of his African descent, having something of a Spanish cast in countenance and carriage, which proved him in some degree related to a European race; but Philip's origin was not exactly known. The captain of a West India ship had brought him to Boston in his early childhood, and contrived to forget and leave him behind—it was thought by design—at the inn where he had lodged; and Squire Delamere, happening to be in the provincial capital at the time, and hearing of the

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child's destitute condition, with his wonted charity took him home, and placed him under the kindly rule of his daughter Constance. Under that rule Philip grew up to robust boyhood, and became Miss Delamere's page, an attendant most congenial to her active habits and the homely life of New England, where every lady was her own maid. She taught him his prayers, his manners, and his learning; in consequence Philip could read well, could speak good English, with scarcely an alloy of negro *patois*, and was liked by all the household as a good-natured, well-behaved, and very handy boy. It was true that he gave early promise of being a negro beau of the first degree; great was the brushing and much the pomatum bestowed upon his fleecy locks, to give them the appearance of a white gentleman's. He chose to be called Master Delamere by negro boys of inferior position, for Philip could properly claim no name but the Christian one—a case common enough with his coloured brethren—and no relation, friend, or owner ever appeared to claim him, so Delamere he was likely to remain, as neither the squire nor his daughter would grudge him that piece of gentility.

Never was knight's squire or lady's page in the days of chivalry more faithful and devoted than was Philip to his young mistress. He looked after her pony, he worked in her own private flower garden, he would have gone any distance to get new shrubs and roots for it, and wherever Constance went Philip went also. Like pages and squires of old, he stood high in his lady's confidence. The solitary girl, without brother or sister, naturally made no stranger of the faithful boy, and as the sight of the gallows in full preparation for him would not have made Philip disclose one of her private affairs, he knew them all, and was deep in the interest of Sydney Archdale.

Lady and page were walking home together now, carrying a basket of blue-berries between them, and talking confidentially.

"Where did you see the horseman first, Philip?"

"Up among the pines beside the old bear-trap, miss, standing up in his stirrups and looking away through the trees. Caesar saw him too, and told me that, in his belief, he was a traveller who had come over the mountains by the open slopes that lie to the right of Vanderslock's clearing, but had lost his way in the wooded parts down here. He moved away, and we lost sight of him for a little while, but the sound of horse's hoofs made me look up, and there he was within a stone's-throw of us, his horse standing still and he looking all about. I don't think he saw either Caesar or myself, we were so hidden among the bushes in the hollow, and what he was looking for I don't know, but in a minute or two he turned his horse and rode away in the direction he had come from."

"What was he like, Philip?"

"Like a man from England, miss—a government officer, or something of that sort. He rode a fine horse, and had everything handsome about him—he was handsome himself for that matter."

"Are you sure it was not Mr. Archdale's friend, the Quaker merchant, riding over the hills to see him?"

"I am sure he was no Quaker, miss; I would know that man anywhere."

"Why, Philip, have you seen him before?"

"I have not just seen him, but you'll laugh at me, Miss Constance—there's a dream I have sometimes

about a large house and a plantation—not like Mr. Archdale's place or the Elms—and a lady on horseback with a habit like your own, but she is not like you herself, and the gentleman that rides with her is the man I saw in the wood."

As the boy spoke, Constance recollected that years ago, when he was new at the Elms, Philip used to talk, with the faint and confused remembrance of early childhood, about living on a plantation where limes and sugar-canes grew, the horse his mother used to ride, and the man from England, who seemed an object of special terror to him.

"It is a singular dream, Philip," she said; "and still more singular that you should know the horseman from it."

They were turning out of the wood at this moment, and into the open road leading straight to the Elms. The mansion and estate were clearly to be seen from the spot, and Philip looked half frightened, so indeed did his mistress, for right before them, and as if waiting their approach, a horseman had drawn his bridle.

"There he is!" whispered the boy, and he had described man and horse with remarkable accuracy. The latter was a fine creature—coal black, and of a make that might have served for a cavalry charger. The former, though not in uniform, had a military style of dress and a distinguished air; he sat his horse well, and seemed above the middle size, a man of about thirty-five, English born, for the solid firmness of the old country was about him, but his complexion had been tinged by the sun of a brighter climate. His face was of the Delamere type but had no resemblance to the family. Those who saw only cut and colour would have called it handsome, for the features were good and set off by an abundance of almost black hair, which, in traveller's fashion, he wore without powder, and he evidently thought himself too young for the fast-declining wig; but there was something at once sensual and sinister about the mouth, and a cold, hard expression in the other-ways fine eyes, especially when he was silent or off his guard.

The latter happened to be the case that evening; he was deceived by the homespun attire and the basket of blue-berries, and turning upon Constance a gaze of that bold and intrusive admiration, with which the gallants of the old country were apt to regard low-born beauty, he said, "Good evening, my dear, I am waiting for you, you see, because I know that such a face as yours must own a tender heart. Will you, out of Christian charity, show a poor stranger, who has been astray for hours in these bewildering woods, the nearest way to Northampton?"

Accustomed to the true and chivalrous respect for womankind, which is still the most honourable and distinguishing trait of American society, the New England girl was too indignant to show him either anger or contempt, but as to her great satisfaction Denis Dargan emerged from the wood at the same moment, she said, quietly, "Denis, be good enough to show that gentleman his way to Northampton," and walked on without taking any further notice of his existence.

The traveller looked what in common parlance is called scared for an instant; but he was a man of too large experience to be long put out of countenance, and when Denis had finished telling him that he must ride down to the river and keep along its

bank till he came to the "foord or the ferry, and take which o' thim plased him best," he thanked the young man with patronising civility, and then said, looking towards the Elms, "To whom does that fine property belong?"

"To Squire Delamere, sir."

Dargan did not notice the strange expression that passed over the traveller's face as he spoke, the words seemed to have fallen upon him like a blow; but recovering himself instantly, he said, in a still more bland tone, "And who is that young lady who passed just now with the boy and the basket?"

"Miss Delamere, sir; she's all the children the squire has now, and the estate is to be her inheritance. I'm sure she deserves it, for a kinder lady never broke the world's bread, and any man may see she's a born beauty," said Denis.

"She is, indeed," and the traveller smiled; "I have never seen a lovelier face. Are you in the squire's service?"

"I am, sir; they call me his best man hereabouts;" Dargan never hid that light under a bushel.

"A good master, I suppose?" said the traveller.

"A betterer never breathed the breath of life, it's proud I am to sarve him night and day," and Denis would have gone on sounding the squire's praise, but the traveller stopped him.

"That's right, my man; a good master deserves good service. But I must go, drink my health with this," and he handed Denis a dollar; "may be I will come back to this quarter some time, if it were only to get another sight of your young mistress;" and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped away.

"Troth," said Denis, surveying the silver, "that's a downright gineros gntleman, and isn't he tuck on wid Miss Constance; howsomever she's not tuck on wid him, by the way she passed by cowl and careless. She'll be thrue to young Archdale if lords and dukes come axin her; but I'll be bound the squire would rather have that gntleman for a son-in-law, for it's my opinion he's a king's officer;" and Denis turned homeward to report the adventure to his confidants at the Elms.

The soft, misty night was falling when Constance reached home. The household people were gathering in from field and farm-building, but her father was pacing the grounds alone, like one who could not rest. His misadventure with Hiram Hardhead, little as it related to the business, had altered his mind as regarded seeking a reconciliation with Archdale. It was another phase of Whiggish doings, an evidence of what loyal men might expect, if treason and sedition were allowed to be talked by the educated classes and acted by the ignorant. Moreover, Delamere had a secret consciousness that his own conduct in the transaction had been foolish, and the figure he cut was rather a ridiculous one. Would not Archdale laugh at him? Would not the whole country do the same? for Whigs and liberty men abounded in the valley of the Connecticut; but he would keep aloof from them all, and stand by his principles.

Then his daughter, what steps should he take to guard her from the wiles of Sydney Archdale? Time was when he had encouraged the idea of a match between the two, and thought his friend's son might stand to him in the stead of his own lost Gervase. The young man had not taken to sowing sedition then, but the case was altered now. He had told

Constance so already; he had plainly shown her the evil tendency of Sydney's ways. "That has turned her mind against him," said the simple squire to himself; "she never mentions his name of late; my girl knows a disloyal man will never make a faithful lover or husband, and she can get a better match any day. The warrant against him is just a matter of thankfulness, it will keep him out of this country, so he can have no opportunity to waylay and flatter her out of her senses, as a cunning villain like him would; and when I show her that article in 'Rivington's Gazette,' Constance will give the fellow up entirely."

Alas for that ever-recurring conflict of opinions and inclinations between the old generation and the new. Sometimes sad to see, the seed-time of bitter memories that will come when heads are grey and graves are green, sometimes working so silently and far beneath the surface as not to be observed, but evermore renewed by time and tide, as sure as the spring of the one approaches the leaf-fall of the other. It took the hidden form between Constance and her father. Delamere was deceived, as most fathers are; but it was from affection and not from fear. The master of the Elms, with all his arbitrary principles as regarded sovereign and subject, was in practice one to be beloved by all about him. As he half guessed at times, there was not a soul of his own opinions in the household, yet man, woman, and boy would have stood by him against any adversary, as promptly as his Quaker housekeeper and his Irish best man did against the prophet of the Green Mountain Boys. That love took a deeper root in his daughter's heart, and made her take an untruthful way that was foreign to her nature, rather than vex or grieve him. Constance would not mention Sydney's name now, though it was more than ever in her thoughts, for the young man was in danger; would not take his part, though she was proud of his recent doings; and would not express her views on the subject, though, like most New England girls of her age and station, she had pretty clear and decided ones, because they were contrary to those of her father. When he was silent and out of sorts at supper that evening, terror took hold of her lest her meeting with Sydney in the wood had been discovered. When he showed her the article in the "Gazette" next morning, and bade her read it, she promised to do so, but got out of the room as quickly as possible; and when he saw her again, and inquired if she did not think Sydney Archdale a very wicked young man, Constance, though sincerely ashamed of herself, evaded his question.

"I was sure you could not approve such doings, my girl," said the satisfied Delamere; "and yet I was sorry to see such an account of my old friend's son. I wish I had not seen it either, for it made me quarrel with Archdale; so, child, you must remember not to go near the house, nor let our people borrow anything; mind, I don't say against lending, and if Archdale speaks to you, don't turn away, or be dry with him, for old time's sake."

"Quarrelled with Mr. Archdale, father! I thought you would never do that." Constance knew what business had brought Sydney's father to the Elms, and the chasm which that quarrel must open between Sydney and herself.

"Once I thought so, too, but people of opposing principles cannot long agree. These times will split up many a friendship as well as ours; but there,



child, say no more about it, <sup>some</sup> things are better forgotten." And the squire turned away with a look so sad and heart-sore, that she could never again venture on returning to the subject.

That was not the only cause of trouble Constance had. For days her faithful Philip could get no sight of his correspondent, Cæsar, though he made many an ingenious excuse for going up to the Holyoke woods; indeed, the squire's turkeys and pigeons seemed to have taken a general turn for flying that way, and Philip's tame hare had to be sought for in the same direction. Still, no sight of Cæsar, and no intelligence of his master could be gained; and lady and page took terror to their hearts at last, for in farm-house and hamlet all along the valley, there was talk of strangers who had suddenly appeared in the neighbourhood, and whose business there was not exactly known. Some said they were revenue men looking after "Owlers," a name for carriers of contraband goods among the Green Mountain Boys; some that they were surveyors sent by a great man in England, who was going to buy all the waste land on that side of the province. Constance, of course, thought they were government spies in search of Sydney Archdale, but her fears on that point were unexpectedly set at rest.

She and Philip had ridden to Springfield, the nearest town of any importance, to make some purchases of her own at the stores, spend the evening and stay for the night with her maternal aunt, an old lady who had a pleasant house there, and was always partial to Constance. On their return in the afternoon of the following day, they found the Elms in a state of unusual bustle and excitement. A dinner of more than ordinary expense and elegance was in course of preparation; the best parlour was opened as on occasions of ceremony, and the cloth laid on its long and rich mahogany; the lady's drawing-room—as such state apartments were called in the colony from their first introduction, being supposed the special domain of the lady of the mansion—stood open also, and in its doorway stood Squire Delamere. He had rather a fancy for a fuss at times, and caught his daughter by the hand the moment she entered. "Constance, my girl, I am glad you are come; I have been looking out for you this hour, but there is time enough yet. Go at once to your own room, take off that vulgar homespun, and dress yourself in the best of your silks. A gentleman in his Majesty's service, who has come with a company of engineers to reconstruct Fort Frederick, which is to be garrisoned, and will, I trust, keep the Green Mountain Boys in order, called on me this morning with a letter of introduction from Governor Gage, and I have invited him and the other officers of the company to dine with me this evening, when of course my daughter must appear as becomes her rank; in short, child, we may have good company here often, and I hope to see you in that dairymaid's dress no more."

"Dost thou not think there will be vanity enough in the child's head, friend?" said Hannah Armstrong, who chanced to be within the room removing linen covers from the well-kept furniture.

"Vanity or not," cried Delamere, "I will have my daughter dressed like a lady, as her mother used to be, before this Whiggish nonsense got into our people's heads. Go, Constance, like a good girl, and let these gentlemen from the old country see what your father has to be proud of in his grey-haired days."

Constance went up to her room much astonished and somewhat relieved in mind. Those engineers and their followers were the strangers about whose business there had been so many contrary reports in the neighbourhood. They had not come to look for Sydney Archdale, but to rebuild Fort Frederick, a picturesque ruin on one of the Green Mountain heights, twenty-six miles north-west of the Elms. It had been erected in the time of the old French war as a defence to that side of the province, named in honour of George the III's father, Frederick Prince of Wales, and was considered a place of strength till one of Montcalm's officers reduced and ruined it.

In the years of peace which succeeded, Fort Frederick had been left to the owls and to the bats, a memorial of frontier warfare, and a landmark for travellers crossing those wilds and wooded hills, till the British Government found out that a military station was wanted among the Green Mountains. Governor Gage sent a newly-arrived English captain from New York to command the reconstructing company, and formally introduced him by letter to Squire Delamere, for whom it was the governor's policy of late to profess great respect and esteem, as the only loyal gentleman in the Connecticut Valley.

When Constance Delamere, by the paternal command, arrayed herself that evening in the purple brocade, point lace, and pearls of less self-denying days, it must be confessed that her toilette was a great deal more carefully made, and her mirror more frequently consulted, than usual. Before the interesting rites were quite completed, she caught the sound of horses' hoofs, and by a peep from her window saw six gentlemen in uniform alight at the door, and heard the cordial and kindly greeting with which her father received them.

Constance waited till the bustle of arrival had subsided, took a last look at the mirror, and then descended to the drawing-room. Nature had bestowed on her that rare degree of beauty and grace which sets off dress and lends a charm to ornament, and well might a flush of pride light up the squire's face, as, in the stately and ceremonious manner of his generation, he introduced his daughter to the chief of the company, Captain Devereux; but in the queued and powdered, gold laced, and epauletted gentleman who bowed before her with such admiring respect, Constance recognised the traveller of the Holyoke woods who had asked the way to Northampton.

#### THE FLOODS IN FRANCE.

AS one of three delegates named by the Pyrenean "Société Ramond" to urge at the Sorbonne, at the end of last March, the claims of an observatory established near the summit of the Pic du Midi by the private initiative of that society, the present writer had his attention directed to the means of supplying due warning of coming storms and floods, and shared the disappointment which greeted the endeavour to obtain some slight encouragement and assistance from the French Government. He visited Agen, Toulouse, and the valley of the Ariège a few days after the terrific destruction and loss of life which suddenly overwhelmed those districts. In September, the subsequent floods of the south-east found him in the Eastern Pyrenees; and at the end of October he revisited the ruins of St. Cyprien and its neighbourhood, even more ghastly after the

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partial clearing which had been effected. Impressions acquired in these circumstances, and supplemented by long familiarity with the Pyrenees, may enable him to add interest to a subject which has been already largely discussed in the English newspapers.

The supervision of the river system of a country is one of the clearest duties of its government. The "moving highways" that feed the culture and industry of widely separated districts cannot be wisely entrusted to local and exclusive care. A manufacturing locality must not be suffered to poison the upper waters of a fertilising stream. Rash experiments in hydraulics should not be permitted to imperil the existence of populous towns. The cutting of a canal, the elevation of a bank, the construction of a dam, may affect the safety and alter the value of wide districts or important centres that derive no advantage from the change. Alterations in the economy of streams can rarely be effected without danger, and the peril which is averted from one region is frequently diverted to another. Like the peasants of Etna, who turn the lava currents on their neighbours, the husbandmen of the Po have frequently attempted to pierce the high banks of the river on the side opposite to their fields. Less extreme cases of conflicting interests are common on all streams. Even if all the districts that bound a river could be trusted to work together for the general good, a long-armed government would still be requisite to ensure the welfare of the mountain sources of the stream. The destruction of forests, the clearing of moors, the draining of bogs, may seriously affect the economy of torrents, and even alter the climate of a district. New roads and railways may obstruct or divert the natural channels of surplus water. Such a change as the general introduction of drainage-pipes in fields may increase the danger of floods by producing the sudden concentration of the rain scattered over wide surfaces. The general tendency of civilisation is to diminish vegetation and drain the soil. The climate thus becomes more variable and the floods more sudden, while the wells are deprived of their gradual supplies, and the soil washed clear of its most valuable constituents. Fertile expanses have in this manner been changed to stony deserts in Spain. The most populous and civilised districts of ancient Asia are now marked by uninhabitable wastes. Centuries of anarchy in the European kingdoms, and ages of reckless despotism in the Eastern empires, have abused the advantages afforded by improvements of agriculture and the arts. The newest resources of modern science, and the latest results of political experience, are fully needed to meet the difficulties created by the perplexing complications of industrial progress.

The French Government, since the days of Richelieu, cannot be accused of sacrificing general to local interests. Centralisation has steadily proceeded, and was carried to extremes by the French Revolution. A Frenchman wishing to endow his birthplace with a school or church, must submit a plan of its form and site for official inspection in Paris, and await the decision, formed on maps and plans, of an authority who has probably never visited the spot. A wine importer must delay the unloading of his casks while two separate branches of the Excise perform the same gaugings of their contents, that the labours of a superintendent in Paris may be lightened by this mutual control. On the same principle, the cutting

of the mountain forests can only be effected in plots that may be clearly indicated on a map. Regular spaces are therefore completely cleared on the mountain sides, and become promptly exposed to the rush of rain that strips away the soil, and effectually prevents replanting. Even if the denuded soil is accidentally preserved, the young shoots of fresh plantations are long liable to be swept away. Deprived of the protecting boles of surrounding trees, the young saplings are exposed to avalanches, and unable to resist the formation of new water-courses, and the conditions under which the forests originally sprouted have been altered by the waste of protecting rocks and by local and general changes in climate. In some places, as at Bareges, the difficulty of replacing recklessly-cleared forests is so serious that artificial boles, in the form of upright iron stakes, are employed as an ineffectual protection to the houses and the newly-planted groves. Nothing can replace the original forests; their roots held the soil to the slopes; their shelter delayed the melting of large quantities of snow; their branches arrested the violence of winds; the mould and leaves accumulated beneath them absorbed the rain like a gigantic sponge; the moss, underwood, and broken branches checked the passage of surplus water and prevented the formation of destructive currents; and their leaves gradually exhaled in beneficent vapour the water which their roots had held back from dangerous accumulation in the streams. Sudden changes of temperature and weather, as well as sudden alternations of drought and flood, were thus averted by the agency of the forests. These may be easily preserved by the practice of rational and well-known rules of forestry. The older trees should be cut down at intervals, and no complete space should ever be cleared. This process would rather be a benefit than otherwise to the growth of the general mass. But such cuttings could not be neatly indicated on a map, and checked by a superintendent in a Paris bureau; they could only be guarded from abuse by the constant and minute supervision of a wise local government. Mere paid *employés* cannot be trusted without the check of superior inspection on the map. But the abolition of primogeniture and other ancient institutions that prevailed in the Pyrenees till the Revolution, has destroyed the influence of the leading families and the respect for immemorial usages. Such institutions, originating in the different social atmosphere of more primitive ages, can no more be replaced than the forests when once cleanly shorn away. The ancient valley-communities of the Pyrenees, of which the Republic of Andorra is a surviving specimen, were doubtless liable to many faults, but their imperfect superintendence of their forests and pastures has not been replaced for the better. The English habit of only gradually adapting old institutions to changed circumstances, would have proved a safer method than the radical and ambitious destructions and reconstructions which have characterised the modern polity of France and Spain. The Basque Provinces, which have preserved their ancient institutions, are the most flourishing districts of the Pyrenees. The old local government of Andorra has kept its territory still richly wooded, amidst a singularly denuded region. The encouragement of local initiative is as necessary as wise superintendence in all questions of general economy, and the central government of France, having taken all duties upon itself, is unable to support its burdens

The habit of trusting everything to it has prevented many obvious improvements that might have diminished the increasing danger from floods. Even four months after the inundations of last June a suburb of Toulouse again suffered, owing to the omission to repair a damaged palisade through habitual dependence on the central government; while in the neighbourhood of the Mediterranean, near Beziers, great losses have been occasioned by official delays in the execution of promised repairs.

While these general causes account for the violence of the floods in the region of the Garonne, the special destruction produced in the suburb of Toulouse called St. Cyprien may be attributed to preventable circumstances. In the first place, St. Cyprien is situated on the low bottom of the valley of the Garonne, at a few feet from the ordinary level of the river, while Toulouse, on the opposite bank, stands on the edge of an isolated patch of one of the ancient natural terraces of the valley, and the high and strong quays that skirt the Toulouse side of the river compel the waters when flooded to expend their entire effect upon the St. Cyprien side. Secondly, St. Cyprien occupies a triangular expanse, round two sides of which the river curves sharply, threatening to overflow it entirely when the waters rise. Thirdly, the central and most populous portion of the suburb is at a lower level than the raised bank of the river which skirts it. Fourthly, a very solid bridge connecting St. Cyprien with Toulouse at the apex of the triangular expanse, and two high weirs, one above and one below the bridge, hold back the waters and obstruct their flow, so as to assist in diverting them across the unfortunate suburb. Pent within the angle formed by the high quays of Toulouse, and obstructed by the solid bridge and the unyielding weirs, the surplus water gradually rose against the banks of St. Cyprien, till suddenly overtopping and breaking through them, it overspread the entire suburb, extended far over the lower valley-bottom behind it, and left the substantial, but already tottering bridge as the sole way of escape to the safe elevation of Toulouse. Lastly, by an unfortunate disposition of the streets, aided by the difference of level caused by the weirs and bridge, two deep and furious torrents were produced, one striking across the apex of the triangular suburb, a few yards from its junction with the bridge of escape, the other following a wide boulevard completely across the base of the triangle. Between these currents the most populous portion of St. Cyprien was completely isolated from all assistance or escape throughout the entire night of the 23rd to the 24th June. Bearing these circumstances in mind, the horrible nature of the catastrophe that occurred may be easily understood from the following brief summary of the successive stages of its development.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 22nd June, amidst incessant and torrential rain, the Garonne had risen nearly ten feet above its ordinary level at Toulouse. During the next twenty-four hours its level increased by eleven feet; and in the next fifteen hours it rose nearly ten feet, attaining, at 11 P.M. on the 23rd, a maximum height of more than thirty feet above its ordinary level. Early on the morning of the 23rd, the high quays of Toulouse were thronged by fifty thousand spectators, watching the almost visible rise of the enormous torrent, which was already strewn with planks, barrels, haystacks, furniture, and bodies of animals. Soon the mills and

factories situated on low banks of gravel above and below Toulouse, together with the adjoining houses of some five thousand workmen, were gradually invaded by the water, while thick clouds of steam and smoke announced the sudden extinction of the furnaces. But the gradual rise of the water through the feeding-canals of the mills having warned the inhabitants to escape, no loss of life accompanied the immense destruction of property in these quarters. At ten o'clock the enormous boats bearing wooden houses for washing and bathing, begin to break their mooring chains, and are successively swept under the stone bridge, seriously endangering it, and being finally hurled, like gigantic battering-rams, against the quays and factories farther down. The shock of one of these formidable projectiles knocks a great river-side factory to pieces like a house of cards. About midday a single pillar of a fine suspension-bridge below the stone Pont-Neuf is seen to deviate from the perpendicular, and a few minutes later the woodwork is hurled away, while the heavy chains, beating and dragging against the quays, endanger the safety of the neighbouring buildings. To save these the chains are cut by smiths, and, being whirled down the river, mow off the entire upper portion of a large factory partially submerged. Meanwhile, the twenty-five thousand inhabitants of St. Cyprien are far from realising the true nature of their peril. Deceived by the elevation of the artificially-raised avenues that border the river, they forget that the water, passing round the upper extremity of these ornamental works, may invade their streets from behind. The authorities are evidently no less ignorant of the probable course of the water, and expend their energies in completing the line of raised avenues by hastily-constructed dams, which merely render the subsequent influx of the obstructed torrent more sudden and fatal. While military wagons charged with earth and manure are hurrying to supply the sappers who pile barricades at the openings towards the river, the water, about three o'clock, flowing round the suburb, pours down upon it from behind. In ten minutes it rises to a height of three feet in the sort of cavity occupied by the densest portion of the houses. The inhabitants, still with no clear idea of the real perils of their position, and hesitating to confront the rapidly-descending water, take refuge in their houses. Too late the authorities despatch wagons to remove the people; in less than half an hour the last wagon that dares the flooded streets is overturned by the increasing water, the driver and the four horses being drowned. Forty wagons, ordered from the great barracks of Toulouse, reach the bridge when the suburb can only be entered in boats. Boats are at length sent for, and arrive when useless. A furious torrent, undermining the falling houses, already cuts off the only possible access from the bridge; the hastily-erected barricades yield before the increasing pressure, while garden-walls and other feeble obstacles soon open a free passage from behind; and the wide boulevard which traverses the base of the triangular suburb is excavated to a depth of ten feet, becoming an arm of the river. The Marquis of Hautpoul, aided by two watermen and a gendarme, launches a boat from the termination of the bridge; the boat is whirled past, upset, and the body of the marquis carried into the river, while his companions narrowly escape by clinging to projecting obstacles. A police agent, named Castel, induces a young

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soldier to accompany him, and five times crosses the same current, bringing back two hundred and fifty people. The fifth time the boat is whirled off by the torrent, and those in it are saved on a low roof, surrounded by the rushing water. At the same moment their sole path of escape is threatened with instant destruction. The suspension-bridge above the Pont-Neuf suddenly yields, and the heavy masses of its woodwork bear down on this only remaining bridge, on which wagons, boats, and officials are waiting to afford assistance. A cry of *saute qui peut* is raised, and all run for their lives, abandoning the suburb to its fate. Fortunately the floating masses of the bridge pass clearly under the arches of the Pont-Neuf, and assistance soon returns to the sufferers rescued by the heroism of Castel. But few other efforts succeed, and the night closes in, finally completing the impossibility of succour. Throughout that terrible night many thousand people, moving from roof to roof, heard twelve hundred houses crash down around them, while the shrieks of the crushed and drowning mingled with the plashing of the waters. Only across the river, the lamentations of friends and relatives returning from the workshops of Toulouse, and standing helpless through the night upon the quays, represented the agony of other thousands of the dense population of St. Cyprien. It was these hours of agony and terror, inflicted on twenty-five thousand persons, that formed the most appalling feature of the catastrophe at Toulouse. The two hundred and eight corpses discovered in the ruins, and the unknown number carried down the river, afford no adequate measure of the awful magnitude of the tragedy.

Although it is always easy to suggest remedies after a disaster has occurred, it may be fairly said that obvious, simple, and clearly necessary precautions should have averted the most terrible characteristics of the inundation at Toulouse. The local authorities ought certainly to have possessed clear statistics of the comparative levels of the banks and streets, enabling them to foresee the sudden influx and rapid rise of the water within the suburb, and to foretell the stages of the peril and the impracticability of assistance if delayed. With such statistics for reference during the long-continued rise of the river, the authorities might easily, with the administrative facilities of government in France, have compelled the evacuation of the suburb in the interval between the obvious threatening of the catastrophe and its actual occurrence. If hesitating to adopt such a measure, they might at least have foreseen the uselessness of wagons under the conditions that necessarily followed, and have prepared boats to remove the population before even such means were inapplicable. There can be no doubt that no such preparation existed, and that the powers of the authorities were expended in random barricading, that only served to mislead the inhabitants, and in vain attempts to supply means of escape when each means selected was already inadequate. The municipal authorities had doubtless waited for the initiative of the central government, and the central government had naturally overlooked the matter. Yet ample warning has been recorded in the history of Toulouse. From the most ancient accounts of the city, the low tract of St. Cyprien appears to have been little if at all inhabited. In the twelfth century it was already a suburb, but exposed to annual inundations, a fact still witnessed by a church dedicated

at that time to St. Nicolas, the especial patron of persons endangered by water. An Act of 1177 mentions the building of the church in consequence of a vow of the inhabitants, terrified by the exceptional violence of one of these floods. In 1220, 1250, 1430, 1523, 1536, 1589, and 1608, other disastrous inundations were recorded. In 1612 the capitouls, the ancient municipal magistrates of Toulouse, ordered the rebuilding of the houses damaged by preceding inundations, and constructed walls to protect the more important side of the river. Similar works were subsequently furnished to St. Cyprien, and the suburb increased in wealth and importance as they progressed. At the same time the quays of Toulouse encroached progressively upon the river, and the building of factories and dams upon the banks of gravel in its bed continually increased the obstructions to the safe passage of surplus water, diverting the pressure of floods more and more upon the increasing defences of St. Cyprien. In this fashion the peril of the suburb has augmented in proportion with its wealth, and the construction of really effectual dykes, in the present circumstances of the river, would tend to throw back the obstructed waters upon the city of Toulouse. Yet serious disasters recorded in 1673, 1675, 1712, 1727, 1772, 1827, and 1835, prove both the increase of the danger and the inadequate character of the protective works successively executed. The cutting of a canal behind the suburb, the replacement of the Pont-Neuf by a bridge of less obstructive proportions, the widening of the river at the narrow point occupied by the bridge, and the adaptation of movable sluices to the solid weirs, are the obvious remedies suggested. But the expense involved in such measures can be less easily met after the recent losses of the town. The cost of a canal sufficient to protect the suburb, has been calculated at £320,000, probably less than half the amount recently lost by those who would be protected by it. Meanwhile, the authorities have forbidden the employment of raw bricks and earth mortar in the lower portions of the houses. It must, however, be remembered that the expense of exceptionally solid building and other artificial safeguards may balance the comparative cheapness of site which attracts a population to the insecure situation of St. Cyprien. Both in that suburb and in all the neighbouring district, the poorer houses are mainly constructed of sun-dried bricks and earthy mortar, which rapidly soften when surrounded by water, and easily wear away when exposed to a rapid current. This circumstance, due to the scarcity of building-stone and lime-quarries in the neighbourhood, as well as to the increasing dearness of fuel for burning bricks, greatly increased the amount of destruction which would otherwise have been produced by the flooding of the Garonne.

Throughout the district which suffered most severely, the loss of life may be mainly attributed to prevailing ignorance of the levels of the valley, and consequent inability on the part of the authorities to afford any certain and definite warning to the inhabitants. The immense loss of cattle, and other movable property, might similarly have been diminished by due attention to the warnings of former inundations. But the most striking circumstance in the appearance of the ruins of St. Cyprien, Agen, and the numerous farms and villages destroyed between Agen and Foix, was the extraordinary worthlessness of their building materials, and the



unsubstantial character of their architecture. Entire villages had been reduced to heaps of bricks, and less exposed houses had softened and collapsed as though formed of raw clay or paper. In St. Cyprien the softening of the materials had continued under the influence of the water remaining in the cellars, so that the streets which had suffered the least required to be propped up by forests of slanting beams. The full effect of the inundation was therefore most apparent several months after its occurrence; and in October many extensive portions of St. Cyprien resembled the aspect of Pompeii. At Agen the loss of life, and of much property that might easily have been preserved, was owing to the unforeseen effect of a long railway embankment, which had held back the rising waters until its sudden rupture left no opportunity for preparation. One terrible catastrophe may, however, be attributed to causes in which negligence had no part; the village of Verdun, in one of the gorges of the Pyrenees, was overwhelmed through the bursting of a dam formed by a sudden landslip; fifty houses, and nearly a hundred inhabitants, were thus buried beneath an avalanche of whirling rocks and mud.

Returning to the more general causes of the floods in southern France, it must be remembered that the lofty range of the Pyrenees is a source of yearly danger. The sudden commencement of hot weather after a cold spring, or the occurrence of heavy falls of snow before the warm days of autumn have definitely concluded, may rapidly raise the levels of the rivers that curve across the great subjacent plains of Gascony and Languedoc. Heavy and warm rains occurring at the same time may augment the danger. Such circumstances produced the exceptional rise of the rivers in June, the greatest destruction having occurred below the junction of the Ariège and Garonne, each of which receives the drainage of an extensive section of the Pyrenees. The coincidence of heavy rains in the Cevennes may greatly increase the danger; and the exceptional rise of the Garonne at Agen was partly owing to this rare coincidence, the drainage of the Cevennes being added to that of the Pyrenees at the junction of the Tarn above Agen. Meteorological observatories on the mountain peaks, provided by government with every facility for transmitting official warnings that would ensure attention and preparation, might certainly avert the most irremediable effects of such coincidences and exceptional conditions. The observatory established on the Pic du Midi by the "Société Ramond," and which is the only one on the Pyrenees, might have furnished warnings of the condition of the snow, and valuable observations of the weather, taken from a point which is frequently above the clouds, and commands a view of the greater part of the Pyrenean chain. But want of government support has hitherto delayed the construction of a building at the exact summit of the peak; and want of funds, as well as of official facilities, has prevented the establishment of telegraphic communication. General De Mansouty, who devotes himself to purely voluntary observation on the peak, and whose life has been frequently in danger through the insufficiency of the shelter afforded by the efforts of the society, was, however, enabled to supply valuable warning to the inhabitants of the valley of the Adour. But to accomplish this, he remained during forty-eight hours alone at an elevation of 7,763 feet, and charged with the entire labour of constant observation, while his as-

sistant descended, at great risk, through soft snow and in frightful weather. More rapid communication, and means of transmitting later observations, would have rendered incalculable service. The government having now promised to provide a regular service for watching the rivers, the observatory of the Pic du Midi may receive encouragement; but it remains as yet a deserving object for the subscriptions of all interested in science.

A proposal to establish artificial dams fitted to retain the surplus waters in floods was urged in a letter in the "Moniteur" by the late Emperor Napoleon, after the inundation of Lyons in 1856. This scheme has been partially applied in the valley of the Rhone, and some of the natural lakes of the Pyrenees have been provided with tunnels, by which their waters are drawn off for irrigation in dry weather, leaving extra space for the retention of rain and melted snow. But besides presenting obvious dangers, the effectual carrying out of such a scheme in the region of the Pyrenees would involve expense out of all proportion to the risk of loss of property. The tracts chiefly exposed to inundation in the deep natural gutters cut by the descending drainage of the Pyrenees are not of sufficient value to warrant such expenditure.

The above explanation of the peculiar circumstances of a catastrophe that has been largely described in the newspapers leaves no room for any adequate notice of the innumerable instances of self-sacrificing heroism, and the immense development of sympathetic charity, which will be long remembered in connection with it. The amount subscribed to the Duchess of Magenta's fund amounted in October to £1,020,000, while the material loss suffered is calculated at nearly four millions sterling.

N.B.—Since writing the above, I find it announced in the Paris papers that the government have ordered an immediate survey of the levels of the entire valley of the Garonne. R. W. S. M.

#### ELEPHANTS IN THE EAST.

WHEN the Prince of Wales was starting for India, it was announced in the press that a venerable elephant, which had carried Clive in a triumphal procession to Delhi, was being trained for his use. This newspaper paragraph was probably only a joke, though centenarian elephants might be recognised even by Mr. Thoms. The announcement, however, reminds us how important a part elephants play in the pageantry of the East.

History informs us that the Asiatic elephant, from the earliest ages of civilisation, has been brought under the dominion of man, and trained to swell the pomp of pageants in times of peace and war, as well as to be made a powerful auxiliary in contending forces on the battle-field. Although an animal of the most ungainly form, yet the housings and trappings with which the bearers of princes have been bedecked surpass, in gorgeous and costly apparel, anything worn by other domesticated animals. If we are to credit the accounts of ancient historians, elephants were exhibited in the arena at Rome, reposing on splendid couches, adorned with the richest tapestry. Tables of ivory and cedar-wood were placed before them, and on those their viands were presented in vessels of gold and silver. Something



PROCESSION OF THE TAZIAS DURING THE MOHURRUM IN BHOPAL.

of this elephantine luxury is kept up in India at the present day, where these favoured animals are exceptionally well cared for. The greatest care is taken in their management and decoration. After their daily feeding, bathing, oiling, and rubbing, they are often painted about the ears and head with various colours, and their tusks surrounded with rings of gold and silver.

On his arrival at Baroda, the Prince of Wales was received at the railway station by the youthful Guikwar, accompanied by Sir Madhava Rao and his retinue, mounted on elephants. The howdahs of these animals were all more or less ornamented, according to the rank of the occupant. That in which the Prince left the station with his host was made of solid gold, and the elephants were gorgeously caparisoned and painted. A grand procession was then formed of elephants, escorting his Royal Highness, beneath tastefully decorated triumphal arches, to the British Residency.

Elephants perform conspicuous parts in the religious festivals and processions of Mohammedans, Hindus, and other creeds in India. One of these ceremonious solemnities is shown in our illustration, where the leading elephant is represented with a miniature mosque upon its back, and another carrying a howdah in the form of a temple. They are clad in ornamental housings, and their tusks surrounded with gold or silver rings, while the sharp points have been cut off. The sombre gravity of these animals presents a striking contrast to the lively fanatical demonstrations of the Mohammedan devotees in the van. This is the procession of the Tazzias, during the festival of the Mohurram at Bhopaul, in the central provinces.\*

Besides figuring in the pomp and pageantry of Oriental princes in times of peace, the elephant has been a valuable auxiliary to contending armies during war. It is recorded by ancient historians that when Alexander the Great extended his conquests to the frontiers of India, he was opposed by native forces mounted on tame elephants, which they had trained to military discipline. The majestic elephant on which the Indian king Porus rode in his battle with Alexander, displayed the greatest courage during the fight, and the strongest attachment to his master after he was vanquished. When that monarch was exhausted with fatigue and covered with wounds, he obstinately refused to retire or yield himself a prisoner, while his faithful elephant stood by to protect him, obeying his directions. After all his companions had fled, and when the Grecian soldiers pressed hard upon him, the elephant still defended his master, and attacked those who approached him with firm and ardent courage, until compelled to succumb to the force of numbers.

The formidable appearance of these gigantic animals in warfare at first struck terror into the ranks of the Grecian invaders, who had no previous experience of such auxiliary forces, or indeed much knowledge regarding the elephant and his habits. However, they soon got over their fears on capturing animals of a less courageous disposition than the king's elephant. When the campaign was ended Alexander profited by the occasion to strengthen his

own victorious army by a contingent of elephants which were from that time introduced into ancient Greece.

From thence they were carried by the army of Pyrrhus into Italy, when he undertook his campaign against the Romans. At first they spread terror into the ranks of the enemy, as they had done among the invaders of India. But Roman discipline soon triumphed over Macedonian tactics, and, notwithstanding his military skill and gigantic cavalry, Pyrrhus suffered defeat. The Carthaginians also found them but weak aids against Roman valour. The successors of Alexander appear to have long continued the use of elephants in their armies. One of the brave Jewish brothers, the Maccabees, terminated his life in a patriotic manner, by piercing with a deadly wound an elephant from beneath in the army of one of these monarchs fighting against his countrymen, and suffered himself to be crushed to death by the falling mass. Elephants trained to war among the Greeks had turrets raised on their backs, from which troops of armed men annoyed the enemy, while a driver, sitting on the neck, directed the movements of the animal, and animated him to fight with his trunk. But when alarmed or wounded these huge creatures disdained all government, and spread confusion not less readily among their friends than through the ranks of the adverse army.

It will be inferred from these records of the introduction of elephants into European warfare, that this animal has been used for the same purpose from the remotest times in India. The East has been, and is still, the great theatre on which the strength, courage, sagacity, and generous qualities of this noble animal have been displayed. Most of the Indian princes have estimated their power and grandeur, in times both of peace and war, by the number of their elephants. Many of them are persuaded that so majestic a body must be animated by the soul of a king or a hero. Hence, in some provinces, a white elephant—which is a rare *albino*—is viewed with peculiar veneration as the living manes of a deceased prince.

Coming to modern times, when it became necessary for British forces to contend with the native armies, our generals have found the utility of elephants in carrying munitions of war and military stores into mountain districts almost inaccessible to ordinary conveyance. At first objections were made to their employment from the difficulty of subsistence, as it was supposed they could not live without a very large daily allowance of rice. This idea, which their keepers were interested in, experience set aside. The elephant is not only the most powerful and most useful, but one of the hardiest animals that can be employed with an army in those regions where railways have not yet penetrated. He carries a load equal to sixteen bullocks, and without risk or damage, on the march. He subsists on the leaves or small branches of trees, on the sugar-cane or plantain-tree; in short, he lives upon forage which horses and bullocks do not eat; any kind of grain will support him, and he will work as long without grain as any other animal. The loss of elephants, although they have their full share of hardship and fatigue, has been found less in proportion than that of cattle. Moreover, from being considered an expedient of necessity to supply the want of bullocks, they have been found the most essential class of animals in

\* During the Mohurram, Tazzias, or models made of ivory, ebony, sandal-wood, and other materials, from the precious metals to bamboo or paper, and supposed to represent the funeral chapel of Hossein, are exhibited in the streets, carried in procession, and generally deposited with funeral rites in the cemetery.

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conveying baggage and stores for an Anglo-Indian army in hilly districts.

Many British officers have testified to the courage and usefulness during some memorable engagements. At the battle of Goojerat, in the Punjab, a body of elephants dragged into the centre of the lines 18 and 20-pounder field-pieces, which did great execution among the Sikhs. On another occasion, the same artillery officer informs us that he saw them dragging heavy guns into the mountainous district of Kangra, at the time quite unprovided with roads. "It was a sight to see the sagacious elephants," he says, "pushing the guns with their heads up the steepest declivities." Lord Napier, of Magdala, then a colonel of engineers, was with this expedition, and seeing the value of the elephants on this occasion, he determined to take some with him on his memorable Abyssinian campaign. What would not Sir Garnet Wolseley have given for a few elephants on his march to Coomassie! It is surprising that no attempt has been made to domesticate the elephant in West Africa.

Not only has the elephant been found courageous when "under fire," but patient when wounded. It is related of one which had received a shot from a cannon, that after being once or twice conducted to the hospital to have his wound dressed, he constantly attended of himself till it was healed. That the surgeon might operate, he readily extended himself on the ground, and bore with patience the application even of burning caustic to the wound. The acuteness of the pain would sometimes force from him a plaintive groan; but to the doctor who, by inflicting momentary torments, sought to accomplish his cure, he expressed liveliest emotions of gratitude. Gratitude is, indeed, represented by all who have had opportunities of observing its manners as the most eminent feature in the character of the domestic elephant.

#### ENGLAND'S NATIONAL CURSE.

IN homely, but sometimes pithy, and always earnest strains, Mr. S. C. Hall has written a tale in verse\* on the subject of drunkenness. The book deals with intemperance in more detail than the author's former poem, "The Trial of Sir Jasper," and the text is strengthened by statistics and other "authorities," exhibiting the results of what the "Times" has justly designated "this nuisance and scandal, our national drunkenness." These footnotes tell how intoxicating drink is the chief source of pauperism, disease, vice, and crime. Statesmen, magistrates, judges, physicians, ministers, and even jailors and policemen, contribute their common testimony as to the evils of intemperance. "But for the offences," says Judge Coleridge, "brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, the courts of justice might nearly be shut up. I can keep no terms with a vice that fills our jails, that destroys the comfort of homes and the peace of families, and debases and brutalises the people of these islands." Chief Justice Bovill said, "Nine-tenths of the cases to be tried are caused by drink." It is the same in all parts of the kingdom. Baron Fitzgerald says, "Nineteen-twentieths of the crimes committed in Ireland may be

traced to drunkenness." The Governor of Canterbury Jail stated that, of 22,000 persons who passed through his jail in fifteen years, he had not known one who was a total abstainer from drink. Mr. Charlton, Mayor of Gateshead, said he had been thirty years on the Board of Guardians at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in the whole of that time he never knew a single total abstainer apply for relief.

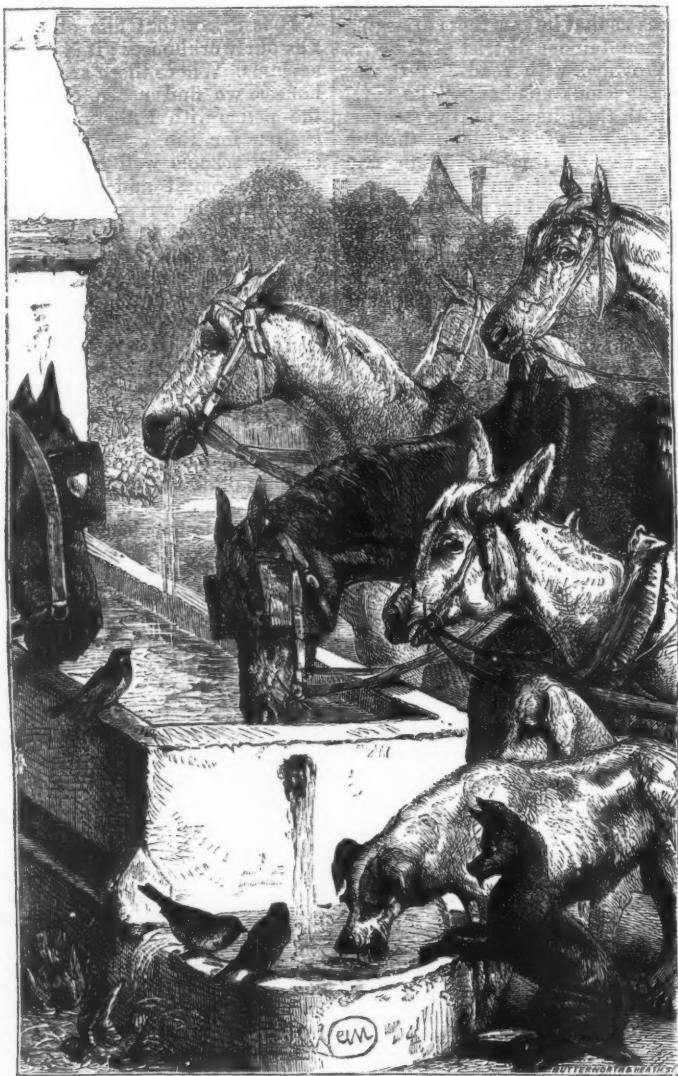
It is drink that fills our prisons; it is drink that fills our workhouses; it is drink that fills our lunatic asylums. Where there are no gin-palaces and public-houses, we find peace, comfort, health, prosperity; the police with little to do, the workhouse only a shelter for the aged and infirm, the jails almost empty, schools well attended, churches well filled, and the moral and social welfare of the people apparent. In a report issued by the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, it is said, "The clergy everywhere, but in our large towns especially, are discouraged, cast down, almost driven to despair, through the prevalence of the vice of drunkenness, and the temptations that are multiplied for its encouragement on every hand under the protection of law. It thwarts, defeats, and nullifies their Christian schemes and philanthropic efforts to such an extent that it is becoming a matter of grave question whether infidelity, religious indifference, and social demoralisation are not making head against us in defiance of all our churches and clergy, our Scripture readers, and our schools."

Can legislation do anything to stay this national plague? It can, if our legislators would give attention to the facts thus made public and well attested. Wherever the law has interfered to abate the nuisance, the beneficial results have been immediate. In some of the New England counties every liquor-shop has been closed, and as a consequence crime is rare, rates light, and the jails empty. A recent traveller (Mr. Hepworth Dixon), who confesses he went with prejudice against everything like a "Maine Liquor Law," thus describes the town of Johnsburg, Vermont: "No bar, no dram-shop, no saloon defiles the place. Nor is there, I am told, a single gaming hell, or house of ill-repute. The workman's paradise remains—a village in which every man accounts it his highest duty and his personal interest to observe the law." Prohibition has not yet been attempted in this country, but restriction has, and with good results. In Scotland, the closing of public-houses on Sunday has largely diminished police offences. The magistrates used to be overwhelmed with cases at the courts on Mondays, while now they are comparatively few. This has been testified by many—especially by Mr. Duncan MacLaren, formerly Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and now senior Member for that city. Some say that private drinking has increased, which is probable enough among confirmed drunkards, but the public temptations to intemperance and crime, with which alone the law has to deal, have been removed. The same restriction is earnestly sought by all patriotic men in Ireland, Roman Catholics and Protestants, Whigs and Tories, all sects and parties uniting in the desire to lessen intemperance. It is a scandal and disgrace that Parliament has not granted the wish of the Irish in this matter. The Bill was rejected last session by 220 votes against 129. But in the division there were 42 Irish votes for restriction and only 10 against; and of Scottish, 37 for and 4 against; while of English Members, 50 were for and 200 against.

\* "An Old Story: a Temperance Tale in Verse." By S. C. Hall, E.S.A., Editor of the "Art Journal." Virtue & Co.

restriction. The English ought to allow the Irish Members to settle this question for themselves, and the strongest argument yet seen for Home Rule is that all parties in Ireland have united in favour of a measure tending to the peace and welfare of their country.

It is not expedient, even if it were possible, to introduce prohibitive legislation till public opinion is more strongly on the side of temperance. But in regard to the licensing of public-houses, and the facilities afforded for drunkenness, there is no reason for any delay in legislation. "The law," said Mr.



In places in England where restriction or prohibition has been adopted, without legislation, the effect has been most salutary. In a Northumbrian mining village (Leghill, with 2,000 inhabitants) there were only two public-houses, but even these were shut up, the people voting by six to one for prohibition. At Saltaire, Bessbrook, the Shaftesbury Park Estate in South London, and other places, there are no public-houses, and the advantage is seen in the health and good order of the community. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill, or some equivalent measure, would secure the same beneficent results in every district where it could come into operation.

Gladstone, "ought to make it easy for men to do right, and difficult for them to do wrong." Instead of this, every facility is given by the law for the perpetuation and increase of drinking-places. "A multitude of public-houses within a stone's-throw of each other is unnecessary for any purposes of legitimate traffic, and ought to be at once stopped." Thus wrote the "Times" in a leading article commenting on a case of crime arising out of drunkenness. Two or three houses may be passed, but the number of places of temptation is too great for many a man of infirm will.

This matter ought not to be left solely in the hands

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of amateur justices of the peace, and of "Brewster Sessions." There ought to be District, or County Boards, chosen by ratepayers, and having as *ex officio* members stipendiary magistrates, governors of jails, members of school boards, medical men, ministers, and others whose position and occupations make them aware of the evils of intemperance. The present system of licensing, often in defiance of the wishes of the respectable people of a neighbourhood, and often under influences that dare not be avowed, is a hindrance to social progress.

A large portion of the national revenue is at present obtained from the duties on intoxicating drinks, and it might be feared that restriction would diminish the revenue, and so require other imposts. But on the highest authority this is shown to be a mistaken notion. In 1874 the Chancellor of the Exchequer said:—"If the reduction of the revenue be due to the increasing habits of temperance and abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, he ventured to say that the amount of wealth such a change would produce would utterly throw into the shade the amount of revenue now derived from the spirit duty, and we should not only see with satisfaction a diminution of revenue from such a cause, but we should find in various ways that the Exchequer would not suffer from the loss that it might sustain in that direction." In fact, the national wealth would be increased to an incalculable extent, and no loss would be sustained except by the producers and sellers of what causes so much crime and pauperism in the nation.

Mr. S. C. Hall's temperance tale in verse consists chiefly of a series of sad, and sometimes tragic incidents, illustrating the woes and evils caused by drunkenness. There are some stories, however, of brighter ending, as of the father who beat his girl, a tender, gentle child, because she would not go out on Sabbath morning to fetch his drink. She had been taught at the Sunday-school to keep holy the Lord's day. The father went for his own beer, but while drinking it heard moans in the room above. Going to listen, he heard his girl earnestly praying that she might bear her trial, and that the merciful Saviour would change her father's heart. Twice, and a third time he went and heard the prayer—

"Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part,  
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, change my father's heart."

"His guardian angel, though unseen, was near;  
What whisper was it entered heart and ear?  
Heaven's ray was shining on the tear he wept!  
On the stair-head he also knelt to pray:  
Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part.  
Do Thou, Lord Jesus, change her father's heart.  
The prayer was heard: from that God-blessed day  
He drank no poison-drop; and never more  
Crossed he the threshold of the drunkard's door:  
The pledge he took, and well that pledge he kept.  
And dearly does the good man love to hear  
His little kneeling child's thanksgiving prayer,  
That fills the house and makes all sunshine there:  
'Thank Thee, O God! I bear my easy part;  
For Thou, Lord Jesus, changedst father's heart!'"

Twenty-six artists, including some of the first in genius and fame, J. E. Millais, R.A., Gustave Doré, Alma Tadema, Thomas Faed, R.A., James Sant, R.A., John Tenniel, Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., George Cruikshank, Birket Foster, have generously contributed to

the illustration of Mr. Hall's book. Last, but not least, Harrison Weir gives a drinking scene, in which brutes appear of a more respectable kind than most of those whom drink has degraded below the bestial level.

### EGYPT AND ITS KHEDIVE.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER, just before the recent purchase of shares in the Suez Canal by the British Government, described the character and works of the present Egyptian Khedive. His proposed object was to exalt the credit of Egyptian finance in contrast with that of Turkey. "The Khedive of Egypt is an enlightened man of the world, of untiring energy, totally free from bigotry, and guided by a great and admirable ambition to develop the resources of his country, to raise her from the low rank of an Oriental state, and to advance Egypt to the dignity of a civilised European power. With these noble views the Khedive has instituted reforms which no Oriental power has hitherto dared to originate. He has directly opposed the slave trade, he has overthrown the incubus of Consular jurisdiction and substituted an international tribunal. With unflagging zeal, he has pushed forward all modern improvements; vast engineering works have afforded facilities for transport and inland communication.

"The Suez Canal, the new harbour of Alexandria, 1,100 miles of railway, the Soudan telegraph, a fleet of steamers upon the White Nile that ply to the very heart of Africa, immense sugar estates, and plantations of cotton that will eventually extend throughout the fertile provinces of Soudan when the railway shall be completed—these are the works of Ismail, Khedive of Egypt, a ruler who from sunrise to midnight is engrossed with ideas of progress and development.

"The immense strides made by Egypt within the last fifteen years have of necessity been costly, but the outlay has been a commercial investment that, with the improvement of the country, should produce remunerative returns.

"No one is more keenly sensitive to his financial reputation than the Khedive of Egypt, and I feel convinced that in the present crisis his great ambition will be to exhibit a strong contrast between his administration and that of Constantinople.

"In all despotic countries where success or failure depends upon the individual character of the ruler, it is important that bondholders should form a correct opinion of their royal debtors. The Khedive of Egypt is unlike other rulers, as he combines the advantage of a practical commercial mind with the qualities of a statesman. Egypt is a purely agricultural country, capable of producing vast wealth, but at the time the Khedive succeeded to the rule the cultivation of cotton was in its infancy and the means of transport tedious and uncertain. The extraordinary change has been effected solely by the personal will and energy of one man, and Egypt is on the high road to an important future.

"It has been remarked that in the event of the Khedive's death the country might be thrown into confusion, but such a contingency has wisely been provided for by securing hereditary succession. The Princes, his sons, are enlightened young men, who have received a careful European education. His



Ministers are not those usually selected by an Oriental despot; such men as Nubar Pasha, Chérif Pasha, Riaz Pasha—able and well known for their probity and zeal—together with Ismail Pasha, the untiring Minister of Finance, are a sufficient guarantee that the future is not uncared for.

"From nine years' experience of Egypt I feel convinced that under a wise administration the country will rapidly increase in prosperity. In all private conversations with the Khedive, and in the instructions that I received from his Highness, there was only one spirit—he strove for the extension of agriculture and commerce, as the true means of advancing the civilisation of Egypt. The Khedive is far in advance of the Egyptian age; thus he has been induced to extra exertion to overcome the apathy natural to Orientals."

So far Sir Samuel Baker. The Khedive is no doubt a man of unusual energy and intelligence, and in advance of most of the Egyptians in what is called civilisation. But his rule is a harsh despotism over serfs. The whole revenue of the country is at the disposal of the ruler. The system of forced labour, by which the sugar factories and plantations of the Khedive, as well as the construction of railways and other public works, are almost entirely carried on, is far more oppressive than the *corvées* of the middle ages, for the villain only worked for his lord at certain fixed seasons, for a few days at a time, and close to his own hut and plot of ground.

Along with Sir Samuel Baker's flattering picture, let us put an extract from the "Last Letters from Egypt," by Lady Duff Gordon. She writes from Luxor in 1865:—

"From the Moudeeriati of Kenh only, 25,000 men are taken to work for sixty days without food or pay: each man must take his own basket, and each third man a hoe, not a basket. If you want to pay a substitute for a beloved or delicate son, it costs 1,000 piastres—600 at the lowest; 800, or even 1,000 in many cases: and about 300 to 400 for his food. From Luxor only, 220 men are gone, of whom a third will very likely die of exposure to the cold and misery (the weather is unusually cold). That is to say, that this little village, of at most 2,000 souls, male and female (we don't usually count women, from decorum), will pay in labour at least £1,320 in sixty days. We have also already had eleven camels seized to go up to the Soodan; a camel is worth from £18 to £40. Remember this is the second levy of 220 men within six months, each for sixty days, as well as the second seizure of camels; besides the conscription, which serves the same purpose, as the soldiers work on the Basha's works. The little district of Koos, including Luxor, has been mulcted of camels, food for them and drivers, to the amount of 6,000 purses last week—£18,000."

Two years later she writes: "The state of business here is curious. The last regulations have stopped all money-lending, and the prisons are full of 'Sheykhs el Beled,' whose villages can't pay the taxes. Most respectable men have offered me to go partners with them now in their wheat, which will be cut in six weeks, if only I would pay their present taxes; I to take half the crop and half the taxes, with interest out of their half—some such trifle as 30 per cent. per month. A Greek at Koos is doing this business, but, as he knows the people here, he accepts none but such as are vouched for by good 'Cadees,' and he will not lose a 'faddah'

(farthing). Our prison is full of men, and we send them their dinners in turns. The other day a woman went with the big wooden bowl on her head, full of what she had cooked for them, accompanied by her husband. A certain effendi, a new vakeel here, was there, and said, 'What dost thou ask here, thou —?' calling her by an opprobrious name. Her husband said, 'She is my wife, oh effindim!' whereupon he was beaten till he fainted, and then there was a lamentation; they carried him down past my house, with a crowd of women all shrieking like mad creatures, especially his wife, who yelled and beat her head and threw dust over it, 'more majorum,' as you may see in the tombs. Such are the humours of tax-gathering in this country."

Things have not greatly altered within the last ten years. It will thus be seen that the wealth of the nation (which means the wealth of the ruler, such as it is), has been obtained at the cost of the welfare of the people. Immense reforms will be necessary if the development of Egypt is to keep pace with its present requirements.

#### ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS.

MR. BUEL, the intelligent proprietor of a wayside hotel at East Hampton, a small village in Connecticut (chiefly resorted to as a holiday place for fishing in the lake there), has occupied himself for many years past in collecting the relics of ancient Indian stone manufacture disinterred or obtained from the soil or ponds of the adjacent district. His bar-room is a museum, hung round with miscellaneous specimens of these, and well deserves a visit. Among these curiosities I noticed and identified: 1st, Numerous specimens of the hoe or cultivator, of different sizes and thickness, in granite and greenstone, all shaped for attachment to a handle and for use as a mattock; 2nd, Chisels of hard rock a foot in length; 3rd, Pestles for pounding grain; 4th, Gouge-chisels; 5th, Drills; 6th, Fluted adzes; 7th, Picks; 8th, Sling-stones; 9th, Net-sinkers; 10th, Very numerous short chisels (celts); 11th, Scrapers; 12th, Sundry cutters; 13th, Soapstone pots for cooking; 14th, Small pots with ochre in some of them (toilet apparatus); 15th, Spear heads; 16th, Arrow heads, mostly of flint, some hastily made as if under press of time, others most carefully and elegantly finished; 17th, A piece of slate with a rude outline of a buffalo carved on it. The forms of these implements presented nothing new, for I have seen such in European collections and in the illustrations of well-known books. The material is of the most part from the great boulder drift of the Connecticut Valley. A very few tools of foreign stone prove trading and exchange. Mr. Buel related to me that an old man of eighty-four told him that Uncas, a well-known chief of Niantic, communicated to him that the method of manufacturing flint used in his day, was by shaping it on a cushion, made by turning an otter skin inside-out, and stuffing it with moss, thus getting a kind of lapstone elastic yet hard.

The appearance and condition of this set of local antiquities denote very lengthened occupation and very gradual progressive improvement. Some of the specimens are evidently quite recent, others many centuries old, but none of them denote an age so remote as the Palæolithic age of Europe. I heard of instances of

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the alleged discovery of Indian stone relics mingled with Mastodon remains. Of course this is not improbable, but in the various collections which I saw on the other side of the Atlantic, there did not happen to be any proof of it. I only saw evidences of a state of social life and of the arts existing among the American Indians, from some unknown period until recent days, corresponding in condition to the Neolithic age in Europe, *i.e.*, the period immediately preceding our Historic age, and mingling with it.

S. R. P.

### MORE ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTERS.

WYOMING, the scene of the Indian tale so exquisitely told by Campbell in his "Gertrude of Wyoming," is now furnishing to the scientists stories more marvellous than the theme chosen by the poet. The geological class of Yale College, headed by their able zealous professor, Dr. Marsh, have discovered in the sands and clays of that district the remains of a group of creatures hitherto entirely unknown. The stratum in which they occur is about contemporaneous with the beds subjacent to the London clay of our own country, the Eocene tertiary formation. The magnitude of the "find" reminds us of the celebrated disinterment by the late Gideon Mantell of the Iguanodon remains from the Wealdon forest in Sussex, and which now form a subject of wonder in the fossil rooms at the British Museum.

The bones which I saw in the museum of Yale College at New Haven, Connecticut (shortly to be removed to the noble building furnished by a Peabody donation), are those of a tribe of creatures named *Dinoceras*, an animal as big as the elephant, without a trunk, and having three pairs of horns. The distinctive character of this huge unknown animal appears to be the possession of a remarkably small brain, lodged in a narrow skull surmounted or accompanied by a bony crest. It was a vegetable feeder and a ruminant. It combines certain features of the elephant, rhinoceros, and tapir. It was evidently well-fitted for habitation in the dense jungle of the period in which it lived. The type specimen has been named *Tinoceros anceps* by the discoverer. The adventurous raids of the muscular palæontologist into a wild country, still infested with hostile Indian tribes, furnish romantic tales of courage and risk displayed and encountered in the novel battle-fields of scientific research. They are related with great zest by Dr. Marsh. The campaigns of a few successive seasons have resulted in the addition to science of several species of this new gigantic mammal. It must have formed a peculiar and strange feature in the woods and marshes on the slopes of the great Rocky Mountains during the epoch of the Eocene.

The most remarkable circumstance, however, connected with this, is the discovery of other huge forms of life analogous, but not identical, in the same districts, in the next overlying strata, the *Miocene*, that is, the middle tertiary formation. The surface of the land, in the platform of life succeeding the epoch of the *Dinoceras*, was occupied by creatures allied but totally different to that form,—a family named the *Brontotheriæ*. The latter also equalled in size the elephant. They were horned, probably with six horns, like the *Dinoceras*, the hind ones large and branching. A short thick neck, short colossal legs, a long body, a slender tail, are features remind-

ing us of the rhinoceros, from which, however, as well as from every other known animal, it is generically distinct. In the middle tertiary period, tribes of this huge beast haunted the prairies and swamps of Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorado. Professor Marsh has described them scientifically in the American "Journal of Science," but to work out the details will occupy and delight the comparative anatomist for some years to come. Notwithstanding the analogy between the *Dinoceras* of the one epoch with the *Brontotheriæ* of the other, there is no actual gradation from one to the other. The similarities make the differences only the more remarkable. This great addition to our knowledge of antediluvian mammals may help us towards the discovery of the divine law of creation, but it does not aid the advocates of natural selection. The successive styles of osteological architecture thus displayed did not arise from evolution, but from divine purpose working on a plan, of which we are permitted to behold very numerous and remarkable illustrations, though not as yet able to scan the whole.

S. R. P.

### Varieties.

NAPOLEON'S STEPS TO EMPIRE.—Count Ségur, in his "Recollections of the Emperor and the Empire," narrates many scenes of dreadful carnage, proving the heartlessness and selfishness of Napoleon. Here is his account of the conflict at the bridge of Ebersburg, where 4,000 men had been sacrificed uselessly, the positions they carried having been already turned and made untenable:—"Never did a scene of carnage present to Napoleon a more revolting aspect! The first victims, the least unfortunate, had been wounded and drowned at the passage of the long bridges; the rest of them beyond, in the town, taken and retaken, and in a hollow way leading out of it, had been struck down by the plunging fire of the enemy, then finished with bayonet thrusts and burnt by the flames of the houses, finally crushed under our own artillery, which we had been forced to push to the front to bring the massacre to a close. When the Emperor came up, the place, the streets, and, above all, the hollow way, showed him the hideous spectacle of a muddy mass of blood and human flesh, burnt, crushed out of all sort of shape, smelling poisonously, and in which the feet of the horses sank horribly. They had to use shovels to clear away these shapeless remains of officers and soldiers mangled, crushed, consumed pell-mell, and to bury them."

LONDON, PAST AND PRESENT.—Considering the enormous, and in many parts demoralised, population of London, it is quite marvellous there should be so little personal insecurity. I have been in the habit for many years of going about all parts of the town and the environs, at all hours, without any precaution, and I never experienced on any occasion the slightest molestation; and I scarcely ever met in society any one whose own actual experience was different. It was not so formerly, as the following instances will serve to show. At Kensington, within the memory of man, on Sunday evenings a bell used to be rung at intervals to muster the people returning to town. As soon as a band was assembled sufficiently numerous to ensure mutual protection, it set off, and so on till all had passed. George the Fourth and the late Duke of York, when very young men, were stopped one night in a hackney coach, and robbed, on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. To cross Hounslow Heath or Finchley Common, now both enclosed, after sunset, was a service of great danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball-proof carriages. There is a house still standing, I believe, on Finchley Common, which in those days was the known place of rendezvous for highwaymen. Happily these things are now matters of history. The standard of wealth is no less changed than the standard of safety. Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, was once the street of fashionable shops—what Bond Street was till lately, and what Bond Street and Regent Street together are now. I remember hearing an old lady say that in her young days the crowd of handsome equipages in Tavistock Street was considered one of the sights of

London. I have had the curiosity to stride it. It is about one hundred and sixty yards long, and, before the footways were widened, would have admitted three carriages abreast. Within memory, the principal carriage approach to Old Drury Lane Theatre—the last but one before the present—was through that part of Drury Lane which is now a flagged foot passage, and called Drury Court, just opposite the New Church in the Strand. The ring in Hyde Park, so celebrated in old novels and plays, and so often the scene of duels, is still traceable round a clump of trees near the foot-barracks. It encloses an area of about ninety yards in diameter, and is about forty-five yards wide. Here used to assemble all the fashion of the day, now diffused round the whole park, besides what is taken off by the Regent's Park. At the rate the country is advancing in wealth, what will be the comparison at the end of the next half century, and what will be the burden of the national debt? I will add one more instance of change. A retired hackney coachman, giving an account of his life to a friend of mine, stated that his principal gains had been derived from cruising at late hours in particular quarters of the town to pick up drunken gentlemen. If they were able to tell their address, he conveyed them straight home; if not, he carried them to certain taverns, where the custom was to secure their property and put them to bed. In the morning he called to take them home, and was generally handsomely rewarded. He said there were other coachmen who pursued the same course, and they all considered it their policy to be strictly honest. The bell at Kensington, the glories of Tavistock Street, and the coachmen's cruises, may all be referred back a little more than seventy years, and afford indisputable and consoling proofs of improvement in security, wealth, and temperance. I like to look at the bright side of things.—*From "The Original," by Thomas Walker, 1835.*

**BOILING CRABS ALIVE.**—This barbarous practice, being discussed in "Land and Water," Mr. Frank Buckland says:—"My readers will agree with me that this live crab boiling is a most cruel process, and ought to be put a stop to. Imagine the horrible agony these poor crabs must suffer when, transferred from the cool water of the sea into a copper, they find the water gradually increasing in temperature, ultimately perishing by a death of agony. I have stated in my report what the remedy is; it is to run a sharp-pointed needle or awl into the head of the crab, and that kills him instantly, as I myself showed those present in the Town Hall of Yarmouth. For humanity's sake it should be made compulsory that crabs should be killed before they are boiled; a dead crab could not shoot his claws."

**AMERICAN PREPARATION TO RESIST POPEY.**—The importance which is being assumed by the Romish attacks on the Free School system in the United States, recalls the memorable words of President Grant last year, in what is said to be "the longest speech of his life." We give the report from the Philadelphia correspondent of the "Times." The Society of the Army of the Tennessee had been holding its annual meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, President Grant attending. The public so well know the President's peculiarity that it is usual on such occasions to call him out, so that he may say two or three words, bow, and retire; but on this occasion the audience missed their usual joke. There were two or three addresses delivered, and then came the customary shouts for the President. He rose and said that he had concluded for once to disappoint those who had called upon him by making a speech, and had jotted down a few things which he desired to say. This unexpected sally produced applause, and the President drew out his ms. from his pocket and proceeded to read it. After expressing his gratification at recalling the days when they had served together in the army, he said:—"We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privileges under the Government which we claim for ourselves; but, on the contrary, will welcome all those who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologise for the past. To guard against a recurrence of such days, we must begin by guarding against every enemy that prevents the prosperity of free Republican institutions." The President continued that he did not bring partisan politics into that assemblage; but he thought it a fair subject for soldiers, in their deliberations, to consider what might be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. He urged the cultivation of intelligence among the people in regard to political matters. If we were to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, he predicted that the dividing line would not be Mason and Dixon's line, but between patriotism and intelligence on one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. "In the

Centennial year (said he) the work of strengthening the structure commenced by our forefathers should be begun. Let us all labour for the security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and equal rights and privileges for all men, irrespective of nationality, colour, or religion; encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall be applied to the support of any sectarian school; resolve that neither State nor nation shall support any institutions save those where every child in the land may get a common school education, unmixed with any atheistical, Pagan, or sectarian teachings; leave the matter of religious teaching to the family altar, and keep the Church and State for ever separate. With these safeguards," said the President in conclusion, "I believe the battles which created the Army of the Tennessee will not have been fought in vain." When he retired the applause was vociferous, and it was evident that the "Silent Man's" speech had made a profound impression. He certainly touched a chord which will find a response in the hearts of the vast majority of the people of the United States.

**POVERTY AND PAUPERISM.**—It is of the utmost importance accurately to distinguish between poverty and pauperism; for by confounding them, poverty is dishonoured and pauperism countenanced. Supply poverty with means and it vanishes, but pauperism is the more confirmed. Poverty is a sound vessel empty, but pauperism is not only empty, but cracked. Poverty is a natural appetite, merely wanting food—pauperism a ravenous atrophy, which no food can satisfy. Poverty strives to cure itself—pauperism to contaminate others. Poverty often stimulates to exertion—pauperism always paralyses. Poverty is sincere—pauperism is an arch-hypocrite. Poverty has naturally a proud spirit—pauperism a base one, now servile, now insolent. Poverty is silent and retiring—pauperism clamorous and imposing; the one grateful, the other the reverse. There is much that is alluring in poverty, but pauperism is altogether hateful. It is delightful to succour the one, and irksome to be taxed for the other. Poverty has the blessing of Heaven as well as those who relieve it—pauperism, on the contrary, has nothing in common with the Christian virtues.—*Thomas Walker.*

**AMERICAN TYPE OF HUMANITY.**—M. Figuier, in his book on the races of mankind, quotes Dr. Carpenter, who thus describes the Yankee type of character:—"The genuine Yankee may be distinguished from the Englishman by the sharpness and angularity of his features. There is an excess of breadth between the rami of the lower jaw, giving to the lower form of the face a peculiar squareness, in contrast with the oval form in the Englishman, and which tends to assimilate the Anglo-American to the aborigines of the country." M. Figuier carries the difference further. "The American," he says, "is of a more feverish, nervous, restless temperament, shrewder, and more unscrupulous in business dealings; a blind worshipper of democracy in theory, and, politically, in practice also; but, socially, rather given to bow down before aristocrats and the aristocratic usages, especially if they be foreign ones."

**PALESTINE SURVEY.**—Lieutenant Conder has given the following account of the operations of the Palestine Survey during the past season:—"The amount of country added to the survey of Palestine during the past year is 1,500 square miles, making a total of 8,500, and leaving about 1,400 square miles in Upper Galilee to be completed. One thousand square miles were surveyed in March, April, and the first week of May, including the greater part of the desert west of the Dead Sea, where Dr. Tristram's observations were confirmed, and the whole of Philistia, with the low-hill country round Beit Jibrin. The additions made to former maps in this part were more numerous and more important than in any other district; the number, indeed, of names and ruined sites fixed is about ten times that previously known. In the north of Palestine 180 square miles were added to the map, completing Lower Galilee; the triangulation has been carried to the peaks of the high range of Jebel Yermuk, and can thence be easily extended northwards. A line of level has been commenced between the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean, the expense to be defrayed by a special grant of £100 from the British Association. The survey was checked by the assault on the survey party by the fanatical Moslems of Safed, in which Lieutenant Conder and the second officer in command, Lieutenant Kitchener, were both wounded, as well as the majority of the other members of the party. These officers returned to England on the conclusion of the trial held at Acca in October. The party will be occupied during the winter in office work in London, and it is hoped will be able to take the field early next year, so as to complete the trigonometrical survey before the autumn of 1876."



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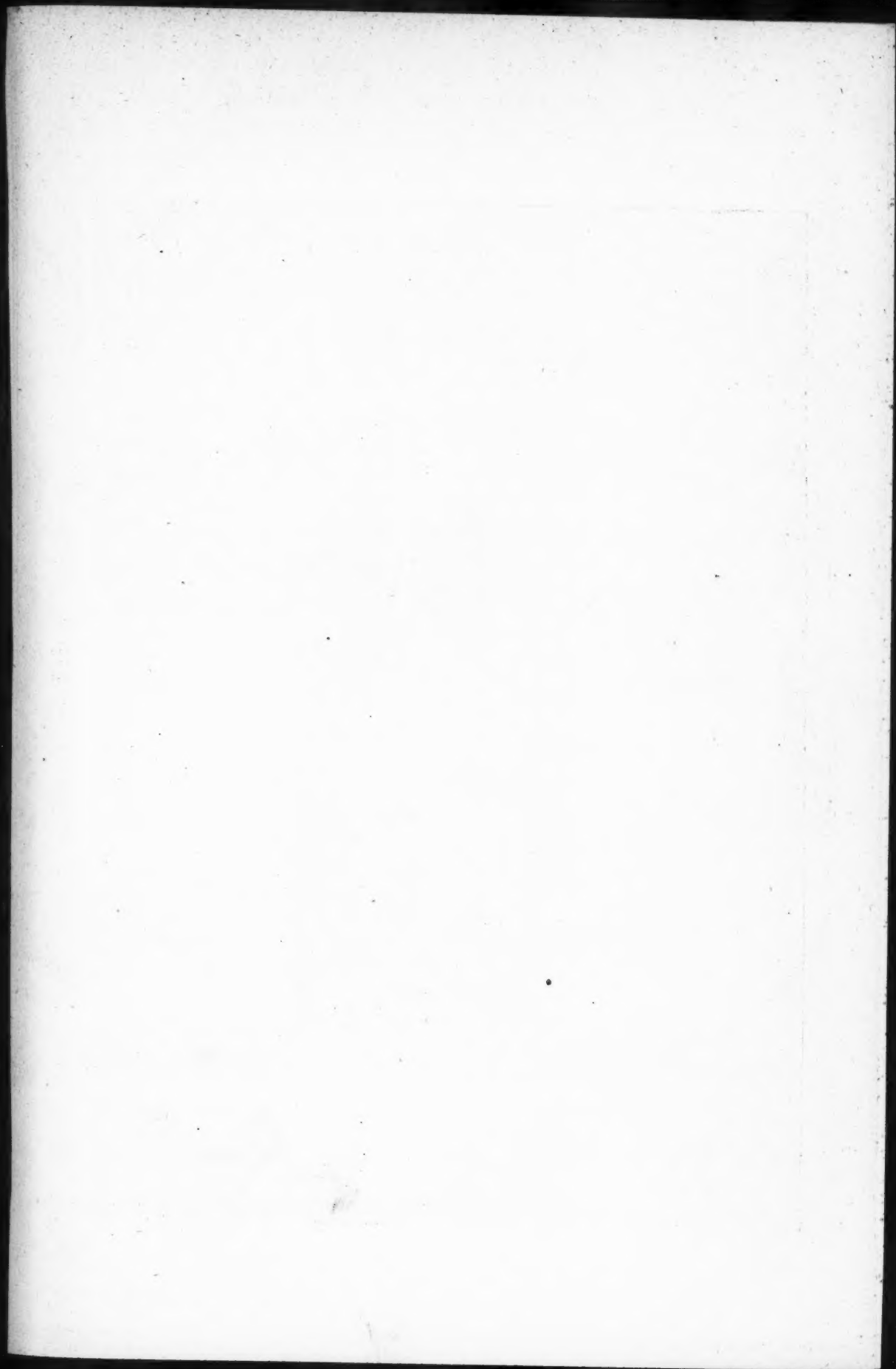
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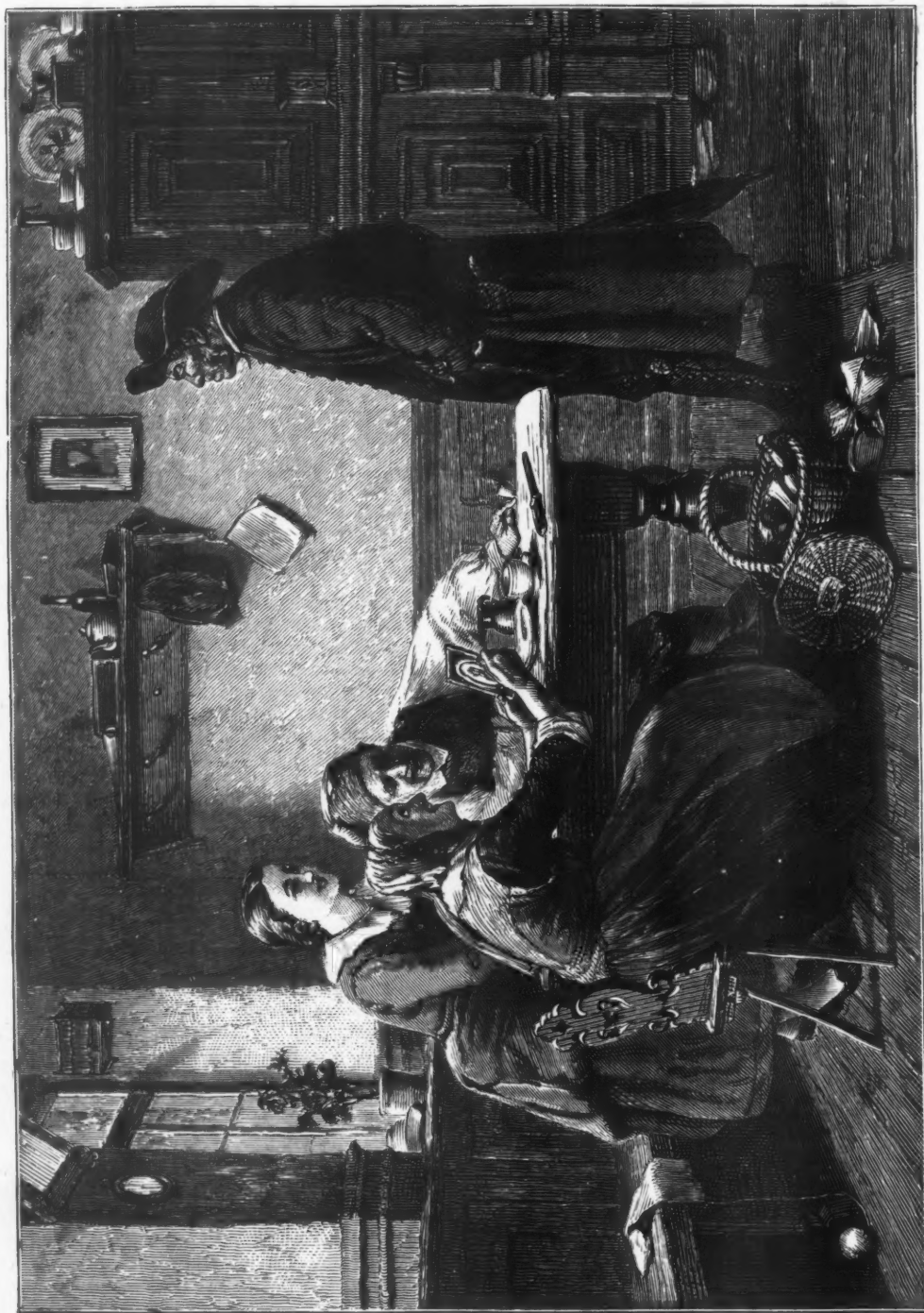
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